

Triple Spiral

Bright Eyes

I love thee, triple spiral
My maiden mother groaned
I am folded my devotion
Into an origami rose
So let her tip the window
She said to look below
Could I see the town was burning
Could I see the broken prison
Could I see that it was time for me to go

They looted the museum
Took all that they could hold
A motorcade of flatbed trucks
Made off with quite a haul
That's when I heard someone shout
"Here with the new, out with the old"
A dusty box of letters
A rusty suit of armor
A casket made of 14 karat gold

That's the problem
No sense of time
She changes like an hour glass
Just laying on her side

I loved you triple spiral
Father, son, and ghost
But you left me in my darkest hour
When I needed you, when I needed you
And now the dream is over
I want it to be known
I never saw it coming
From my little human prism
How sad it is to know I'm in control

That's the problem
An empty sky
I fill it up with everything
That's missing from my life

Oh where'd you come from
You fated sign
Spinning through the centuries
Expanding all the time

Three worlds at one that blend together
Three times I cried for us
But I felt better then

I loved you triple spiral
My maiden mother crooned
You found me in this fallow state
My mind was off and stowed
I heard your strange commotion
And wished I could go home
To live a little longer
A folded [knee?] in the summer

Long enough to carve you into stone